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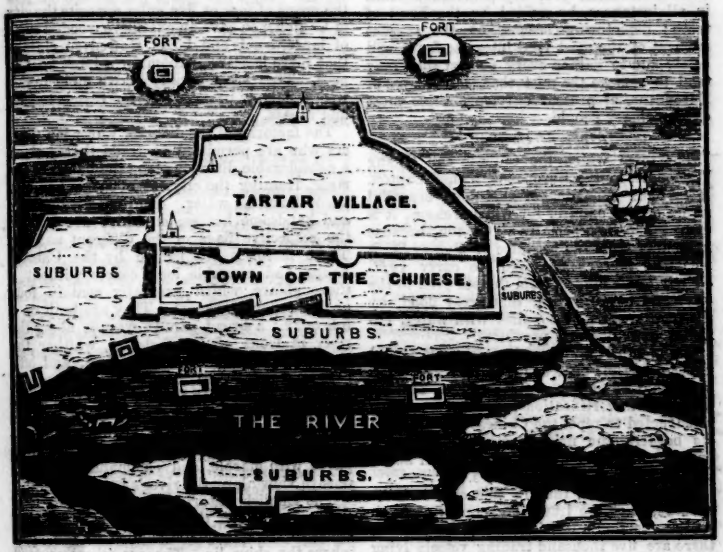
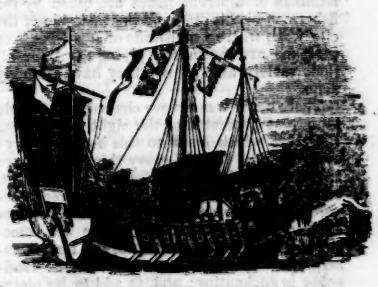


PLAN OF THE CITY OF CANTON AND SUBURBS.

CHINESE IMPLEMENTS OF WAR.



CHINESE WAR JUNK.

PENCILLINGS IN CHINA;

OR,

SKETCHES OF THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.

No. I.

MR. EDITOR.—The present contest with the Chinese authorities will, if the belligerents go to farther extremities, lead to one of the most eventful revolutions ever recorded in the page of history. In the sketches I shall occasionally transmit you, my pencillings shall, in all instances, be guided by the hand of truth; depicturing scenes, at the present moment of the most vital interest; for it will be my aim to gather every subject that may tend to remove the mist that, in the eyes of Europeans, at present envelopes these most extraordinary people.

River of Canton.

The town which the Chinese call Quang Tcheou, is, by the Europeans, named Canton. It is built upon one of the most beautiful rivers of the empire, for which reason, it is named *Ta ho*, especially at Canton, because in coming from the province of *Quang Si*, it meets another as profound, to carry *sufficiently large vessels* from the sea even to the city: and because also, this great flood, by the canals which it supplies with water, enriches many different provinces.

Its mouth, or *embouchure*, is large, and not less terrible on account of its name, *Hou men*, that is to say, "Gate of the Tigris," than by its fortifications, which have been constructed to repel the Chinese pirates. On its borders, the neighbouring country, and even the hills, are well cultivated, and abundant in rice and evergreen trees.*

It is reckoned, that in this city and the suburbs, there are 1,200,000 people; and you will scarce find a day in the whole year, but there are five thousand trading vessels lying before the city; about which, a ditch goes quite round,—some small canals running into it, and it has a connection with the river Ta; it is of great advantage to the city. Great numbers of different fishes are taken by the fishermen in this ditch, on the east side of the city wall, where a multitude of small boats or sampans are continually plying; but for all their variety and plenty, they have a muddy taste.

There never was a more charming spectacle than that presented to the sight on entering the river which leads to this beautiful city; every thing is varied—every thing is smiling; there are prairies which rise to the sight, of a transcendant green, there are rocks covered with moss, and hundreds of little villages covered by hanging woods; there are sometimes canals which form isles, or lose themselves in the green country. All the landscape is enchanting; and, to add to its picturesque appearance, the banks are charged with a prodigious quantity of barks, multiplied in ranks, which are the only habitations of an infinite number of people, and which form a sort of floating town. These barks touch each other, and form regular streets. Every barge lodges an entire family. The little people which inhabit these barks go out every morning to fish, or work at their rice, which they sow and reap twice a year.

The River Ta, at Canton, is somewhat broader than the Thames at London, and is navigable for 300 miles into the interior. For the space of four or five miles opposite the city of Canton, you have an extensive wooden town of large vessels and boats, stowed so closely, that there is scarcely room for a large boat to pass. They are generally drawn up in ranks, with a narrow passage left for vessels to pass and repass.

The factories of the different European powers who are permitted to trade there, stand a considerable distance along the banks of the river, fronting the city, at about a hundred yards from the water. They consist of large and handsome houses, on which are hoisted the respective flags of the different nations. These factories are named by the Chinese *hongs*, and resemble long courts without a thoroughfare, which generally contain four or five separate houses. They are built on a fine quay; a broad parade extends along the river in front of the factories, whither the European merchants, commanders, and officers of ships, resort to enjoy the cool of the evening. The British factory far surpasses all others in elegance and extent. It has a large verandah, reaching nearly down to the water's edge, raised on handsome pillars, and paved with marble, and commanding an extensive view along the river's banks.

The English factories are situate in one of the best streets of the town. One large gate opens to the street, and another to the river where the ships lie. The eye is entertained with pleasant, green, and fruitful fields, on each side the river Ta, interspersed with villages, and lofty pagodas, or steeples. One of these pagodas is situated close to the side of the river, and called by the English the Half-way-House.

A great contraband trade is carried on by the pirates at the mouth of the river, often even under the eye of the custom-house officers, who are either bribed, or who have not a sufficient force to put it down. The inconsiderable marine force possessed by the Chinese is totally inadequate to check the contraband trade in opium; which at length grew so insufferable to the Chinese emperor, that he seized all the opium, and destroyed it in the presence of the opium merchants: the value amounting to nearly two millions of pounds sterling.

Shipping of the Chinese.

Though the ships of the Chinese for the sea-service are not comparable to those of Europe, and their skill in navigation is but mean, yet, upon their rivers or canals, they

* Du Halde. Descript. de la Chine, tome I. p. 233.

manage large vessels with great dexterity. Of these vessels, there are not less than ten thousand in the southern provinces, equipped for the emperor's service. They are flat-bottomed; the head and stern square, but the forepart not so broad as the stern. They have a main-mast and a fore-mast; the fore-mast has a yard and a square sail, but the sail of the main-mast is narrow at top, like a sloop's sail. Their masts are not pieced as our's, and set one on the top of the other, but are only one single tree. The sails are made of a thick mat, strengthened with laths of split cane, at about two feet distance. Upon the deck they build little rooms, or cabins, from one end to the other, raised about seven or eight feet high, which are gilded both within and without, and so very commodious, that they make the longest voyage tolerable.

Besides these vessels, there are a prodigious number of floats of timber perpetually going up and down the rivers and canals, which carry whole villages of people upon them. The timber is cut chiefly in the province of Suchuen, which adjoins India on the West, and these floats are some of them a mile in length: they rise two or three feet above the water.

The ships which go to sea are deeper and more capacious than those for the canals, but their masts and sails are made much after the same manner, and their heads and sterns square, like the former. They have some two masts, and others three, and their largest are above a thousand tons burden, and called *junks*, which are also used as vessels of war; for which purpose their inutility was most lamentably proved in the recent action with the British ships of war, *Volage* and *Hyacinth*, off Chumpee; when, out of twenty-nine war-junks, five were sunk and one blown up, with a loss also to the Chinese of, it is said, nine hundred men.

All ships have frightful images of their gods, and have altars, and lamps burning before them. The hold of the ship is divided into many small partitions, which are made so tight, that if they spring a leak, only the goods stowed there will be damaged, and it can go no further.

These sort of vessels are not good sailers, though they hold much more wind than ours, because of the stiffness of their sails, which do not yield to the gale; yet as they are not built in so neat a manner, they lose the advantage they have over ours in this point.

They do not caulk their vessels with pitch and tar as they do in Europe, but with a sort of particular gum, which is so good that a well or two made in the bottom of the hold of the vessel is sufficient to keep it dry; hitherto they have had no knowledge of a pump.

Their anchors are not made of iron, like ours, but of a hard and heavy wood; which, on that account, they call Tie mou, that is to say, Iron wood; they pretend that these anchors are much more serviceable than those made of iron, because, say they, they are apt to bend, which those of the wood they use never do; however, they most commonly tip the two ends of them with iron.

The Chinese fleets at the Canton station, are, at present, under the command of Admiral Kivan, who, in his late manifesto relative to the rencontre with the Volage and Hyacinth, thus proclaims himself:—"I find that I, the admiral, rule over the whole of these seas, and my especial duty is to sweep them clean of the depraved and reprobate. I have received the button* of a leader of the army, and I ought forthwith to appoint a day for the great gathering of my troops, but I, the said admiral, am descended from a family that dates as far back as the Han dynasty, (2,000 years ago) the line of my forefathers sprang from Hotung. My ancestor was the deified Emperor Kwan-foo-tze (commonly called the Mars of China) splendid and luminous was his fame! bright and dazzling the place of his imperial abode! The god-like warrior's ardent wish was to practise benevolence and virtue: his mind was grand and powerful as the winds and clouds; his heart genial and refulgent as the sun by day, or the moon by night. Now I, the said admiral, fly like an arrow to recompense the goodness of my country, and tremblingly receive the admonitions of my great ancestor. I deal not in deceits and frauds, nor do I covet the bloody laurels of the butcher. Were I suddenly to bring my forces and commence the slaughter, I really fear that gem and common stone would be burnt up together. I, therefore it is, that I again issue this proclamation, which proceeds from my very heart and bowels, that it be promulgated abroad everywhere. I, the admiral, entertain for you a mother's heart; the words I speak are as true as if spoken by the lips of Bhud himself. If the enemy can yet repent and awake to a sense of the error of his ways, let him not object to come before me, confess his sins, and beg for mercy, in which case I myself will intercede for him! But if he still persist in remaining obstinately doltish as before, indulging in foolish expectations, and perverse opposition, then considering the good fortune and grandeur of our celestial empire, united with, or depending upon all the Gods of Heaven! just as in the case of the robber Listing, when the lightning struck him at dead of night, or in the case of the rebel Chang kith urh (tree, the Prince Jehangir,) when the banners waved and (the earth) was covered with iron (weapons), so still supported by the spiritual protection (of my holy ancestor) will (in your case) a terrible display of our majesty be made! We have often en-

* The nine orders of mandarins, are distinguishable by the button, the plate, and the girdle. The button, in the first order, is of ruby; in the second, of worked coral; in the third, of sapphire; in the fourth of azure, or opaque blue; in the fifth, of white; in the sixth, of a marine shell; in the seventh and eighth, of gold without ornament; and in the ninth, of wrought silver

joyed His divine patronage! thus, then, the very gods and spirits cannot interfere in your behalf! Oh! ye foreigners! do ye all of you lend an attentive ear to these my words! A special proclamation!

Taonkwang, 19th year, 8th moon,
and 16th day. Bocca Tigris,
23d September, 1839.

CHINESE IMPLEMENTS OF WAR.

1. *Three kinds of lances: one of straight iron; another with a hook added; and a third, the crescent-headed lance.*
2. *The broad scimitar, used by the cavalry.*
3. *Musket, or matchlock. To the butt of this weapon is suspended a bag, containing the matches, and two horns, one for powder, the other for lead or balls.*
4. *A cross bow.*
5. *A dart thrown from a cross-bow.*
6. *A Chinese bow. In the middle of the string is a plate of ivory or metal for fixing the arrow, and throwing it with greater strength.*

BEAUTY PREVENTATIVE OF MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

You put this question—how comes it to pass that the greater part of your handsome women are extremely ignorant and childish in their manners? I believe I can account for it. It is not that nature has been less kind to their minds, because lavish to their bodies; nor that they are born with less capacities than others, but because they neglect to cultivate their minds, and to improve their mental faculties; they are vain, they desire to please and to be admired.

An ill-favoured woman knows that she cannot be loved for her face; this induces her to endeavour to draw attention by her intelligence and wit. She applies her mind to books, and bends the whole force of her attention to her improvement; and, in spite of nature and all her unkindness, she becomes agreeable.

The beauty, on the contrary, has only to make her appearance to please; her vanity is gratified as she never reflects, she never thinks that her beauty is only for a season. She is besides, so taken up with dress, with the care of being at every assembly, to appear with advantage, and to hear herself praised, that she has no time for the cultivation of her mind, however convinced she might be that it was necessary. Thus she, of necessity, becomes a mere fool, taken up with childish tricks, the vain frippery of dress, shows and sights. This may continue to thirty; at most, to forty years of age, if the small-pox or some other disorder does not tarnish this beauty. When youth is over, the time for improvement is gone; then this young lady once, now no longer a beauty, continues in ignorance all her life long, though nature has given her as great advantages as any other; whereas the homely-looking young woman who now has become very amiable, defies old age and sickness that can take nothing from her.

THE HIGH TOR TRAGEDY.

CHAPTER II.

In that thy very strength must lie—
Oh Brother! I could prophesy!
The time is come that rings the knell
Of all we loved, and loved so well.
Hope nothing, I repeat; for we
Are doomed to perish utterly.
'Tis meet that thou with me divide
The thought, while I am by thy side;
Acknowledging a grace in this,
A comfort in the dark abyss.—*Wordsworth.*

At the period to which our tale refers, the renown of Glastonbury's prince-like and unrivalled splendour had spread through the whole of Europe; and, indeed, if we but glance at the details of her domain and dower which are scattered through the records of the age, we cannot feel surprise that her successive Abbots, should have arrogated to themselves an almost sovereign power.

The area of the ground over which the conventual buildings, and the ecclesiastical edifices extended, was prodigious;—the munificence and zeal of the various prelates in the long space of six hundred years since the foundation of the original convent of Benedictine monks, by Dunstan, having so enlarged and magnified the architectural glories of this justly celebrated Abbey; and the benefactions and pious offering of devotees and princes, so enriched the coffers, and lengthened the rent roll of the annual revenue, that of all the monastic establishments in Christendom, which veiled their glittering and delusive splendour before the pure and holy beams of the rising sun of the reformed religion, few, if any, could be found to compete with the grandeur and array of Glastonbury.

The prelatic ring and mitre, the gloves, and sandals, had been bestowed by the Pontiff Celestine on Henry de Swansey, one of the early Abbots of this rich monastery; and his successors, as mitred ecclesiastics, were styled Lords, and took their seats as Barons in the legislative assembly;—while such was the exercise of their spiritual and temporal functions on their own domains, that none of whatever title or degree, durst set his foot upon the Abbey lands without a special licence from the princely churchman.

Such was the wealth of Glastonbury—and such her pride, when she thus tottered to her downfall, and her star set for ever upon that very Tor which had been erected, with benevolent intent, by one of her Abbots, at an enormous cost, and which may yet serve, as originally designed, as a mark for mariners.

Rapacity and reform were now striding hand in hand, and revenge and avarice were now masked under the guise of zeal, for the promulgation of the true religion. The Romanists were mourning, far and wide, over the desecrated shrines, and rifled sanctuaries, and beheld the greedy tyrant, glutted to the

full, with ravening plunder of their holiest treasures.

Among those who resisted to the death, was Richard, the sixtieth Abbot of Glastonbury, who sternly refused to bend beneath the storm which was then sweeping from their lofty pinnacles, the saints and martyrs of the church he served.

His recusancy exasperated Henry, and his wealth accelerated the sentence which was awarded in unrelenting vigour.

"He refuses to take the oath of supremacy! He will not resign the Abbey as required—then will I forthwith lift the proud churchman's head higher than he has yet held it,"—said the monarch,—and he kept his word.

Aware of his fate, the Abbot abated nothing of his haughty demeanour—nor did his resolution waver.

"I have sworn," said he, "upon the church's altar, and I am now prepared to seal the compact with my blood, never to concede one point to heretics in all her holy code of ordinances—never to yield one inch of all that she claims as hers. Never, therefore, will I kneel to the temporal usurper of her spiritual sceptre—and never, save at the sword's point, will I admit one unhallowed foot to tread her shrines."

The moment that should prove his utmost constancy, was now at hand, and the Abbot, kneeling before the aged Prior, poured into his low bent ear, the whispered confession of all those sins of thought, and word, and deed, which his church demands of her repentant children, and received from him, with the humility of a child before its earthly father, that form of absolution which he trusted should be ratified by his unseen and heavenly Father, through the merits of his only Son.

The Sacrament and Extreme Unction were then administered, as to a dying man, and were received by him in the posture of a profound and heartfelt reverence, while the very sentinel held in his breath with awe.

Then, once more prostrating himself before the crucifix, the Abbot spent a few minutes in silent supplication—and rising from his knees with a calm and unruffled countenance, he divested himself of his ordinary sacerdotal vestments, and suffered his conventual brethren to array him in the massive robes which were assumed only on some great and high solemnity.

Observing their hands to tremble, and their eyes to grow dim, as they successively invested him with the chesiple, the cope, and pall, and bound the splendid maniple upon his wrist,—he, gently smiling, encouraged them by his words and triumphant tone, as though adorning himself for the celebration of some high festival.

"Bethink ye, brothers, that I am but robing me for my espousals—yet, oh! that I may be found not wanting in *that* wedding garment which shall admit me to the marriage-supper of the Lamb!" and he crossed himself, and looked devoutly upwards.

"This mystic ring," and he reverently placed it on his finger—"has been the symbol of my union with the church on earth,—it will, I trust, be no less the emblem of my final union with the church in heaven.

"This gorgeous mitre has encircled here the brows of her unworthy servant—but *there* I pray that it may be replaced by a crown of pure gold.

"This pastoral staff," and he laid hold upon the crosier, "has been the sceptre of my spiritual reign below—but there is *One* who hath promised that He will make me according to my deserts, 'a ruler over many cities' in the domains above.

"'Weep not for the dead, neither bemoan him,' saith the word of Holy Writ—'but weep sore for him that goeth away.' Oh! Glastonbury! Glastonbury!—I, thy last proud Abbot, bemoan thy heavy fate,—I weep not for my own,—for thine hour is yet to come. Thou shalt, indeed, be swept as with the besom of destruction—and thy children shall be scattered and driven forth in penury and woe. Thy fanes shall be polluted by the unholy spoiler—thy shrines shall fall before the sacrilegious heretic—the owl and the bittern shall harbour in thy sanctuary, and the weary pilgrim shall no longer shelter himself within thy hospitable doors."

At that moment, a faint streak of pale grey light breaking across the eastern sky, betokened the approach of day—and the Abbey bells knelled forth a muffled peal, while the hum of unnumbered voices, and the heavy tread of mailed men, told that the hour was come.

The chamber door was then thrown back, the guards reversed their halberds, and an executioner in a mask, advanced to manacle the prisoner. A crimson flush suffused his pale but haughty visage at this indignity—but he resigned his hands without a murmur; and then clasping them upon his bosom, he walked forth with a firm and stately step.

As the procession crossed the choir, and drew towards the nave of the venerable and noble Abbey, it was headed by the choristers, the deacons, the chancellors, and other officers of ecclesiastical degree, bearing aloft the crucifix and banners, and chanting, as they glided on with unshod feet, and fixed and dizzy gaze, the service for the weal of a departing spirit.

Arrived at the great gate of the Abbey, the men at arms filed off in open order, and the sledge, or hurdle, on which the prisoner was to be drawn to the place of execution, was displayed.

By dint of unflinching sternness and military discipline, the populace were prohibited from thronging the procession, and amidst the muttered execrations on the name of Henry, and despite the dark and lowering visages that glared on them as they advanced towards the

Tor, the soldiery preserved the marshalling and order of that sad array.

As they paraded through the Abbey, the prelate had cast one look—one long, last, look, on all around—where Saxon Kings, and princely Abbots, and enshrined saints, slept undisturbed—while the thought that *his* remains must bleach in the wind and sun, and be the prey of the foul birds of rapine, blanched his already pallid features into a yet more death-like hue;—but now, when the scaffold was full in view—when the muffled peal of the Abbey bells came softly on the morning breeze, and there was but one step between him and death,—his pride of bearing had returned — and his dark eye no longer drooped.

The Prior and Sub-Prior were at his side—and the measured accents of the sublime and elevating chant fell upon his ear. His eyes were fixed upon the crucifix, as it preceded him to the closing scene of his career—and his lips moved, at times, in half-murmured prayer.

Arrived at the foot of the gallows, the charge of attainder on high treason and rebellion was read aloud, and the executioner taking the pastoral staff, broke it before the Abbot's eyes.

The sentence was then proclaimed in direful solemnity, and assisted by his weeping brethren, the Abbot ascended the steps of the scaffold. The whole was hung with black cloth, and surmounted by the scutcheon, bearing his paternal arms, impaled with those of the Abbey Church of Glastonbury.

A herald now approached, and degraded it as an achievement to be blotted out for ever.

The two chief executioners now knelt before the Abbot, and implored his pardon for their reluctant fulfilment of their office, which he freely gave them; and then bestowing his parting benediction on his beloved and loving brethren, he stretched forth his arms, manacled as they were, towards his lamented Glastonbury, which was then bathed in all the beauty of a summer's morning, and resigned himself to his death without a sigh.

The body, after hanging the accustomed time, was cut down, and the mitre being contemptuously thrown aside, a headsman of gigantic proportions, whose concealed armour rattled beneath his sable garments, struck off his head at one blow, and holding it up to view by the dark hair, while the crimson gore was streaming from the mutilated body, proclaimed it the head of a traitor.

The corpse was then ignominiously denuded of its pontifical array, and its majestic limbs displayed to the gaze of the soldiery—while the headsman severed the scarce cold quarters, and delivered them to the ghastly messengers of Henry's sanguinary sentence, to be affixed upon conspicuous points in the respective cities of Bath, Wells, Ivelchester, and Bridgewater.

The head, all gory as it was, yet retained the character which it possessed in life; and in pursuance of the barbarous and revolting spirit which characterized the proceedings of that monarch's miscalled justice, it was placed above the noble gateway of Glastonbury Abbey, where it long remained—a monument of terror to the rebellious or contumacious subject on the one hand, and an emphatic warning to the refractory or non-conforming priesthood on the other.

ARGENTINE.

MARRIAGE OF QUEEN MARY WITH PRINCE PHILIP OF SPAIN.

QUEEN MARY's marriage with Prince Philip was readily assented to by Parliament, on the following conditions:—1st. That Prince Philip should admit of no stranger to any public office; 2d. That he should make no innovations in the laws and customs of the kingdom; 3d. That he should not convey the Queen out of the realm without her consent, nor any of her children, without consent of the Council; 4th. That, in the event of surviving the Queen, he should challenge no right to the kingdom, but allow it to descend to the next heir; 5th. That he should carry none of the jewels of the realm out of the country, nor cause any ships or ordnance to be removed; 6th. That he should not cause the realm of England to be *entangled* with the war between France and Spain. Several other conditions of minor importance were made.

The preliminaries of the match being settled, the Earl of Bedford, Lord Fitzwaters, and many other noblemen, were sent to Spain in order to conduct the Prince to this country; and he arrived at Southampton on the 20th of July, 1554. Three days afterwards, the Queen met him at Winchester, and on the 25th of the same month the marriage was solemnized. In honour of the event great pageantries were displayed in London and other places. The Queen was thirty-eight years of age, and the Prince only twenty-seven. After the ceremony, in the presence of the English and Spanish lords, Philip and Mary were proclaimed King* and Queen of England, &c. The Royal couple then went to Windsor Castle, where the bridegroom was installed a Knight of the Garter. Soon afterwards they proceeded to Hampton Court, "where," says Sir Richard Baker, "the hall door within the court was continually kept shut, so as no man might enter unless his errand was first known; which might, perhaps, be the fashion of Spain, but to Englishmen seemed very strange."

G. W. N.

* In consideration of this marriage, Philip was made King of Naples by his father, the Emperor Charles. He was styled King of England from courtesy.

THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.

(For the Mirror.)

"And woman in her time plays many parts,
Her acts being seven ages."

Yet, how each of the seven different scenes in the drama of woman's existence, differs from the preceding one! She is the same, yet not the same,—from the cherub, laughing and springing "in her nurse's arms," to the busy school-girl, the belle, all smiles and attraction, the wife, the widow,—the old lady,—and that dark winter of our year, when "the eyes that look out of the windows are darkened," when the song of the grasshopper is a burden,—and the worn pilgrim is about to enter the land where change comes not,—"where mortal shall put on immortality!"

* * * *

But, veiled in the impenetrable future, are the many-coloured scenes and events in which the babe is to bear a part, so sweetly sleeping in unconsciousness, while her nurse is murmuring a lullaby of most somniferous influence. All her little pains and annoyances are soothed into peace, and the "honey-dew of slumber" rests on her tiny features, and round fair cheeks. When adorned with a lace-cap, and in a placid humour, she is pronounced "a lovely child," by relations of every degree of consanguinity, and callers with any degree of civility. She next plays with a doll nearly as big as herself, which wooden representative of humanity she dresses and undresses twenty times a-day;—the ivory alphabet, and "reading made easy," being the dark shades in the already "mingled yarn" of her young existence.

* * * *

The flower expands,—educational cares press on the parents' attention; schools—governesses—masters—books of instruction—nothing else thought about. She comes home at the holydays, tall and slender, with her head full of the last school-ball; the prizes given,—new frocks, new pieces of music,—and new friendships; to last, of course, "for ever." Her drawings are exhibited; her French inquired into;—her dancing, and walking, her writing, and her speaking,—all commented on, and pronounced full of promise and improvement.

* * * *

The scene changes;—she is sweet nineteen,—the much-admired Miss—her female contemporaries finding out, that somehow or other, "she has little pretensions to beauty,"—"only looks well in a bonnet," says one,—"only by candle-light," cries another,—"never, in my opinion," pronounces a third. Meanwhile, her beauty is the theme of many a tongue, and mama's only fear is, that she should become vain—despite the laudable exertions of her "dear five hundred friends," that such an evil should not befall her. Her bright eyes, her glossy curls—her light step—her ready smile, and, above all, that "wildly sweet unworldliness of thought,"—which stealthy time destroys,—all betoken, that no cloud has shadowed over her morning of sweet prime—she visits—she dances—she dresses—the postman's visits become important—and the delivery of a letter brings a blush or a tear on her young face,—rumour is busy with her name, and amidst animadversions and congratulations, she is ushered into the next scene in life's drama.

* * * *

She is a wife, with all a wife's cares,—she is a mother, with all a mother's anxieties. She stops Dr. — in the street, to advise with him on the health of her "household treasures,"—she calls to inquire the character of a new servant, whether she is *au fait* at cooking, &c. &c.; and happy though she be in her quiet round of usefulness and duty—the central star round which revolves that light of peace and love which circles home:—the cares of gathering years gradually steal the bloom from her cheek, and the sparkle from her eye. Her light and buoyant step is no more, her glossy curls are shrouded by a matronly cornette, the steps of time are slightly traced on her brow's clear expanse, she is pronounced by her early friends, to be "dreadfully gone off." She has arrived at that spot in the journey of life, when realities supply the place of those fair illusions, which belong only to youth. "The dews upon the herbage are dried up,"—the morning is no more!

* * * *

Another stage,—and lo! "fate's dark decree, in widow's garments has arrayed her:" change, and death, and difficulties have surrounded her. The lawn cap, the sable dress, the dim and tearful eye, the fast-coming wrinkles on her marble brow, the slow step and colourless cheek, all most touchingly tell, that she is left to brave the pelting storm of worldly cares—alone. She looks round, and finds but the wrecks of former joys;—then come the settling of her children, the arrangement of affairs,—and she is alone in her feebleness—bereft of the directing hand, the guiding strength of the husband; and she turns in her weakness more and more entirely to the only sure rock amidst the dark billows of the ocean, and gradually resignation's holy calm steals over her sorrows.

* * * *

Years pass by—her griefs subside—the touch of time has silvered her hair, her eyes are waxing dim,—without spectacles, she complains, she "can do nothing,"—the lines of the fell destroyer thickly cross each other in her face. She leans on her stick; and in cold weather, her Bible, with very large print, and a volume of Bishop Beveridge's divinity—with spectacle case and knitting lying beside her,—she sits by the fire, intruded on by few, save her grandchildren, whom she declares to be without fault, if their mother would only bring them up on the excellent system which she adopted with hers. She has no more stirring

events to expect—few anxieties—for her income is fixed in a certain yearly annuity, sufficient for herself and her maid. She thinks present fashions "absurd," and the present hour of dining "absolutely wicked!"—she gives the preference to old books, thinks Bishop Wilson, Baxter, and Beveridge, not to be equalled. In her book-case may be found, the Spectator, Tatler, and Guardian—the poems of Cowley and Waller, with Magazines for 1777. She mentions her husband with a sigh, as "poor dear Mr. —,"—thinks the present times wofully degenerate: nothing, says the excellent old lady, "like the days of George the Third and Mr. Pitt." She mentions, with a little air of pique, that her daughter-in-law omitted to invite her to the last christening; but adds, with a resigned despondency, "I am now old, and the world forgets me!" She descants on her young days, and regrets that memory will not assist her readily with dates—she grows wordy and tedious, but discerns not that her listeners are finding her so:—a few—a very few years elapse.

* * * *

She is, "sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything!" she moves not from her chair, her attendant vainly bawls in her ear, her children come and go, but she knows them not: the gleam of spring lights up her antiquated apartment, and shines cheerily on the old pictures and book-case, but she regards it not. Alike to her are all seasons—she has done with the things of time, and is an unwilling lingerer, when all her coequals have departed—standing alone on the "solemn shore of that vast ocean she must sail so soon,"—a frosty season comes—the old lady is no more—she has finished her part in the last act of "life's most strange eventful history."

Kirton Lindsey. ANNE R—.

VIOLENT WINDS.

WIND is defined to be air in motion: the force of it bears a proportion to the velocity, and that velocity varies from one, to one hundred miles an hour. Lunardi and Garnerin were borne along on the currents, in their balloons, at the rate of seventy miles an hour, though there was no storm. The annexed table is interesting, as an indicator of the force and pressure here alluded to:—

Velocity of the Wind in Miles per Hour.	Perpendicular Force on One Square Foot in Pounds Avoirdupois.	Common Appellations of the Wind.
5	·123	Gentle, pleasant Wind.
10	·492	Brisk Gale.
20	1·968	Very brisk.
40	7·872	High Wind.
80	31·488	Hurricane.

BYRON'S VOYAGE TO LISBON.

LORD BYRON, in one of his megrim moods, when he considered himself "a friendless animal," determined, in 1809, on seeking in other climes the solace debarred him in "merrie England;" and, accordingly, made his first continental trip. In his letter to his mother, dated Falmouth, June 22, he wrote—"The world is all before me, and I leave England without regret, and without a wish to revisit any thing it contains except *yourself*, and your present residence." On the 25th, he wrote a valedictory letter to the Rev. Henry Drury, of Harrow:—"We sail to-morrow in the Lisbon Packet—by this time to-morrow evening we shall be embarked on the *vide vorld of vaters, for all the vorld like Robinson Crusoe;*" and on the same day, amid all the bustle and clatter, wrote another to his friend Hodgson:—"Before this reaches you, I, Hobhouse, two officer's wives, three children, two waiting-maids, ditto subalterns, for the troops; three Portuguese Esquires, and domestics; in all, nineteen souls, will have sailed in the Lisbon Packet, with the noble Captain Kidd, a gallant commander, as ever smuggled an anker of right Nantz." His buoyancy of heart had not, however forsaken him, and the same letter had enclosed those lively verses by his Lordship, on the Lisbon Packet.

Notwithstanding the preparations which the Poet stated were in progress for the start, the Lisbon Packet did not leave Falmouth till the second of July, and reached Lisbon after a favourable passage of four days and a half: Lord Byron being on the voyage "sea-sick, and sick of the sea," as a subsequent letter intimated.

Since that period, the Lisbon Packet, almost immortalized, as it may be said, by the verses of the Noble Poet, has participated in one of those changes of fortune so frequently beyond human calculation or foresight, and degenerated, in the nobleness of its use, like the *Betsy Cairns*, which brought from Holland to Torbay King William III., the assertor of the Protestant rights and privileges of the people of England; being lastly, employed as a collier from Sunderland to London. The Lisbon Packet, a large, handsome brig, and still bearing the name, is used to convey slates from Easdal quarry; and, last month, passed through the Caledonian Canal at Inverness, freighted, not with Apollo and the Muses, but with its burthen of ignoble slate. B.

A MAN OF LETTERS.

When the Rev. Dr. P., Rector of M., in the county of ——, was inducted into that benefice at the demise of the Rev. John Hargrave Standen, and having been presented, according to usage immemorial, with the key of the parish church, and tolled the bell once, as taking possession of his freehold, afterwards walked up the nave and inspected the pews,

desk, and pulpit, the Clerk, directing his attention to the embroidered hangings of the latter, on which were the three initials, I. H. S., (Jesus Hominum Salvator—Jesus, Saviour of Men,)—as commonly seen on pulpit and communion table-cloths,—said to him complacently enough, "I s'pose, sur, as how you be going to have them letters as are there now, what stood for his late Reverence's name, picked out, and J. P. put up instead, else they will look so awkard like!"

NUPTIAL MEDAL.

Among the numerous medals issued in commemoration of the marriage of the Sovereign of England and Prince Albert, none are intitled to the same meed of praise with that published by Mr. W. J. Taylor. The work is, in execution, equal to the former productions of that distinguished artist, and is honourable to his efforts in every sense of the word. On the obverse, are the heads of her Majesty and Prince Albert, both from drawings taken from the life,—a circumstance that cannot be asserted of any other medal produced on this occasion. In the field, is the Hymeneal Torch; and the names in the legend conjoined by a love-knot. On the reverse, the armorial insignia of England, and the Ducal House of Saxe Coburg Gotha, tastefully united by a riband, elegantly disposed, partially encircled by rose-branches, and surmounted by a crown. The legend—Married at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, February 10, 1840.—We especially recommend this beautiful production of the medallic art to our country friends.

EPICURISM OF THE NORTHMEN.

The article of food that is most prized, is the flesh of the "harkall," a species of dog-fish or shark that abounds on the coast of Iceland. Before it is fit for use it must have been buried for a couple of years in the sand; when arrived at a state of maturity by this inhumation, it is said to resemble pork in flavour, but is so offensive as to render it impossible to approach a person who has tasted the least morsel of it for three weeks before. This, however, is not considered a sufficient reason for rejecting it, and I may say that, on the whole, they display as great a love of *haut goût* as any aldermanic epicure; whether reindeer's meat or skait engross their attention, a few weeks' wind-drying is all that is considered necessary to either. If it were not ill-natured, they might also be accused of eating horse-flesh, though it is but justice to say that the preference shewn to the latter food is confined to certain places, and has gained for these persons the name of "Hross eiter," or horse-eaters, which is looked upon as a term of special reproach. — *Dillon's Winter in Lapland.*

ZUMA, OR THE DISCOVERY OF THE QUINQUINNA.

Translated from the French.

[*Concluded from page* 79.]

They sent Ximéo away, and the unhappy pair were re-conducted to their prison. The physician of the countess appeared, and was interrogated; he declared that the malady of the vice-reine, having resisted the most efficacious medicines, and being accompanied by the most extraordinary symptoms, they could not but conceive the most dreadful suspicions; and, that, as the conduct of Zuma left no doubt of the atrocious nature of her design, it had confirmed him in an idea which he had long repelled. In fine, he doubted not that this ungrateful slave had administered a slow poison to the vice-reine, and that afterwards, being excluded from attendance in her chamber, and fearing that her youth, and the attention which he gave to her disease, would prove an antidote to a poison so cautiously given, she had wished to complete her design by administering a strong dose. After this detail, the judges shuddering with horror, and scarcely able to command their voices, condemned the two prisoners, as convicted of the crime of poisoning, to be burned at the stake, on the same day at twelve o'clock. They were again brought into the hall of justice to receive their sentence. Mirvan listened to it with heroic firmness. Zuma bathed in tears, threw herself at his feet. "I have destroyed thee," she exclaimed, "this is my only remorse, Oh! pardon me." "Console thyself, Zuma," he replied. "Accuse only the barbarity of our judges—the tyrants who have condemned us, have delivered us from a grievous yoke—in a few hours we shall be no longer their slaves." These words softened even the hard heart of Azan. "Mirvan," cried he, "be satisfied respecting thy son, he will be dearer to me than if he were my own" It was now nine o'clock, and orders were given to prepare the fire. The vice-reine was really dying. The physician announced to her consort, that he had no longer a hope—that it was impossible she could bear another fit of the ague—and that she could not survive more than seven days, at the most. The count and Beatrice, weighed down with grief, had no thoughts of clemency—regarding Zuma as the most execrable monster that nature ever produced; they experienced no feeling of compassion for her fate. The former, however, offered pardon to Mirvan, if he made a sincere confession of his crime. "Tell the viceroy," replied Mirvan, "that even if the life of Zuma were promised as a reward of my perfidy, I would disclose nothing." The count could not remain in Lima during this dreadful execution—he visited his country-house about half-a-league from the city, with the intention of remaining there till evening. Whilst the whole city were awaiting this sorrowful spectacle, the vice-reine, ignorant of the tragical event, was

in her bed, more feeble and suffering than ever. The extreme agitation of those who surrounded her, attracted her notice; she questioned them, and saw clearly that Beatrice concealed something, and had imposed silence on all her attendants. She left her chamber frequently, that she might indulge her grief without constraint. At one of these moments, the countess sharply interrogated one of her women, and ordered her so strictly to divulge the secret, that she informed her of all that had taken place, adding, that Zuma and Mirvan, so far from denying their crime, had gloried in it. The surprise of the countess was equal to the horror with which this dreadful recital inspired her mind. She immediately desired one of her attendants to order a litter, and, in the meantime, assisted by her women, she arose hastily from her bed, and wrapped herself in a long muslin robe. The carriage arrived, and, notwithstanding the cries and tears of those who surrounded her, she extended herself on the litter. It was borne by four slaves: a fifth held, over her head, a large parasol of taffeta, and, thus reclining, with her face covered with a white veil, she went forth on her errand of mercy. The clock struck twelve, and at the same moment, Mirvan and Zuma, on foot, and loaded with chains, came forth from the prison, to be conveyed to the place of execution. When they were within three hundred paces of the stake, a trumpet announced the approach of the victims, and fire was placed on the pile, which was formed of resinous wood. They entered a walk of plane trees, at the extremity of which they perceived the fatal pile, the flames from which appeared to reach the clouds. They also distinctly saw the Indians, with mournful and disturbed looks, ranged around the stake. A branch of cypress was held by them, as a sign of mourning, and the Spanish guards were near them. All at once, cries were heard from a distance; a cavalier quickly approached, crying, "Stop! stop! the vice-reine orders you; she is following me." At these words, the execution was stayed. Zuma clasped her hands in prayer to heaven, but her mind was so weakened by terror, that she could not admit a ray of hope. The litter of the vice-reine was now perceived, and the bearers of it, urged on by her eagerness, redoubled their speed. They soon reached the unhappy victims, and rested near them. The Spanish guard hastened to range themselves around the vice-reine, and the Indians approached, and formed a semi-circle on her opposite side. The vice-reine then raised her veil, and discovered a countenance, pale and languishing, but full of beniguity; and a gentleness, that at once announced, and promised mercy. "I have not," said she, "the happy right of granting pardon; but I am sure I shall obtain it, from the goodness of the viceroy; and, in the meantime, I shall take, under my own protection and guardianship, these unfortunate victims. Take off their fetters, and extinguish that horrible flame, which should never have been lighted, had I been sooner apprised of the proceedings." At these words, the whole body of Indians threw down their branches of cypress, and made the air ring with the cries of "Long live the Queen." Ximéo darted towards the ranks, exclaiming, "Yes! she shall live." Zuma fell on her knees, and exclaimed, "All powerful God, finish thine own work." The vice-reine invited Mirvan and Zuma to follow her. She placed them near her litter, and thus returned to the palace, followed by an immense concourse of people, who blessed her goodness and clemency, with the greatest enthusiasm. When arrived at the palace, she was placed in bed, and ordered Mirvan and Zuma to remain near her. Fatigue and emotion had so exhausted her strength, that she believed herself dying; she held one hand to Zuma, who, bathed in tears, received it on her knees. The vice-reine, when delivering Zuma, had sent a courier to the count, in order to hasten his return. She expected him every moment, and, astonished that he was not yet arrived, had dispatched another messenger, when she heard an extraordinary noise in the court of the palace. Beatrice went out to learn the occasion of it, and, an instant after, the countess distinguished the voice of the viceroy. She ordered the door of her chamber to be opened, crying, "Mercy, mercy, for the criminals." "They are our deliverers," answered the viceroy, and immediately entered the apartment. In speaking these words, he himself deposited some of the quinquinna in two cups; Zuma drank the first, and the vice-reine wished to receive, from her hand, the salutary dose; every one was in tears, and the vice-reine, already revived by joy and hope, received with delight the tender embraces of her husband, Beatrice, and the happy Zuma. The child of the latter had been brought into the chamber, and the countess loaded him with caresses; promising that she would, thenceforth, be to him a second mother. Beatrice and the Spanish attendants surrounded Zuma, and could not cease looking at, and admiring her. Beatrice kissed her hand with passionate emotion—that benevolent hand, which had been accused of having committed an execrable crime. In the midst of this enthusiasm, the viceroy took Mirvan and Zuma by the hand, and throwing up a window, stepped on a balcony, which fronted a street, filled with Spaniards and Indians. "Behold!" said he, (shewing Mirvan and Zuma) "behold! the voluntary victims of gratitude—of the feelings of nature—and the sanctity of oaths. Indians, you are free—such sentiments render you worthy of becoming the equals of your vanquishers—rejoice in your liberty, and the virtue which has freed you. Love your sovereign—be faithful to him, and, on the lands which will be portioned out for you, let the holy tree be made to flourish—in cultivating it, think that to you, is the whole universe

indebted for this blessing of Providence." The fever soon left the vice-reine and Zuma, and, in eight days, they were rapidly recovering. In the same place where the fatal fire was kindled, the viceroy caused an obelisk of white marble to be raised, on which was inscribed, in large letters of gold, these words, "To Zuma, the friend and deliverer of the vice-reine, and the benefactress of the Old World."

MODERN ANCESTRY
OF
THE HOUSE OF SAXE-GOTHA.
1640 to 1825.

ERNEST, surnamed the *Pious*, the founder of this house, was the ninth son of John, duke of Weimar, and appears to have been a just and religious prince. On his accession to the government of Saxe-Gotha, in 1640, he found his country desolated by war, and the people plunged in the grossest ignorance, from the neglect of all instruction. He, therefore, reformed the church, and established schools for the education of the people; and ordered, under severe penalties, that all persons should send their children to these schools, as soon as they were five years old. He assisted Seckendorf in his voluminous and valuable *History of Lutheranism*, for which the duke supplied him with manuscript-materials, and documents. Ernest likewise formed the plan, and defrayed the expense of publishing the Bible with notes, composed by as many able Protestant writers, as there are books in the Old and New Testament, which has always been held in high esteem, under the denomination of the *Weimar Bible*.

The duke, particularly solicitous that the cures and schools should be supplied with proper ministers and masters, always carried about with him a list of both, and visited them familiarly in his journeys. One day, when passing through a village, he entered the minister's house, inspected his library, and perceiving his Bible covered with dust, put a gold ducat at the beginning of the book of Revelations, unobserved by the divine. The following year, he visited the same priest, and inquired concerning his reading of the sacred volume, who said that it was his practice to read over the whole Bible once every four months, together with the critical observations, and best commentators. His highness then took up the Bible, and opening it, to the no small confusion of the clerical hypocrite, found the ducat where he had laid it the year before.

All persons also, who held offices of trust under this prince, were annually examined by himself.

He frequently repeated these words:—"Princes are formed of earth, rule on earth, and return to earth."

In 1645, the possessions of the house of Gotha were enlarged with part of Eisenach, and in 1672, with territories of the line of Altenburg.

By the duchess Elizabeth Sophia, only daughter of John Philip, duke of Altenburg, Ernest became the father of eighteen children, of whom, seven sons survived him. He died in 1675.

FREDERICK I., eldest son of Ernest, divided the paternal dominions with his brothers, Albert, Bernard, Henry, Christian, and John Ernest, upon which, the house of Gotha was divided into various lines, which were called after their places of residence. In this partition, Frederick retained Gotha. To prevent the further dismemberment of his dominions, he introduced the law of primogeniture, by which the eldest son enjoys the whole estate, on making suitable provision for the younger branches of the family. He, with his brother Ernest, duke of Saxe-Hildburghausen, relieved Vienna, when besieged by the Turks in 1683.

FREDERICK II. succeeded his father in 1691, and died in 1732. By the princess Magdalena Augusta, of Anhalt Zerbst, he had eighteen children, of whom, Augusta was married in 1736, to Frederick Lewis, prince of Wales, by whom she became the mother of king George III.

John William, brother to this prince, was distinguished for his military talents. In 1696, he served in the allied army, in Flanders, as adjutant-general, under king William III. He afterwards entered into the Swedish service, was in the early campaigns of Charles XII., and subsequently distinguished himself in Italy, under prince Eugene of Savoy. He was killed by a musket-shot during the siege of Toulon, in 1707.

FREDERICK III. died 1772.

ERNEST II., born January 30th, 1745, married the princess Charlotte Amelia of Saxe-Meiningen, and died on the 20th of April, 1804. This prince stedfastly opposed the raising of recruits by any foreign powers in his dominions, and refused the offer of large subsidies made by his kinsman, king George III., if he would send troops to America. He was also distinguished in literature, astronomy, and the sciences. At Seeberg, near Gotha, he founded an observatory, and set apart a capital of forty thousand rix-dollars for its maintenance. Under the superintendence of Zach and Lindenau, it became one of the most celebrated institutions of its kind in Germany.

AUGUSTUS, son of Ernest II., succeeded his father on the 20th of April, 1804. He married, firstly, in 1797, Louisa Charlotte, daughter of Frederick Francis, duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who died in her first confinement, leaving him a daughter, Dorothea Louisa, who was married, in 1817, to the reigning duke of Coburg; and secondly, in 1802, to Caroline Amelia, daughter of William I., elector of Hesse Cassel, by whom he had no issue.

During the eventful years, from 1805 to 1813, when Germany was so often overrun by French armies, duke Augustus, who never quitted his capital, gained the favour of the conqueror to such a degree, that his dominions were exempted from contributions and many other hardships. He was the author of several works of imagination, only one of which has been published. He died on the 17th of May, 1822, and was succeeded by his brother.

Frederick IV., born the 22nd of November, 1774, who, in 1807, adopted the Catholic faith, in Rome. On his death, without issue, on the 11th of February, 1825, his dominions, consisting of the principalities of Gotha and Altenburg, comprehending fifty-four geographical square miles, about 1,060 English, and 193,000 inhabitants, were divided among the other three branches of the Ernestine line of the house of Saxony.

On this extinction of the reigning house of Gotha, by the death of duke Frederick, duke Ernest obtained, by the cession of the principality of Saalfield to the duke of Meiningen, the duchy of Gotha, of which he took possession, in November, 1826.

Duke Ernest was united in 1817, to the princess Louisa, daughter of duke Augustus, of Saxe-Gotha and Altenburg, who produced him two sons; Ernest, hereditary prince, born June 21, 1818, and prince Albert, now married to our Queen, born August 26, 1819.*

SKETCHES OF EVERY DAY LIFE IN AMERICA.

NO. III.—INTEMPERANCE.

It has been justly said, that of all the crimes which infest and afflict society—Intemperance is the most deadly and incurable. The Americans have done more in their day and generation towards the banishing of this curse from amongst them, than any other nation. No one who has seen the effects which this vice has on its victims in this country, can have any idea of its violence in the United States. "Delirium tremens" is there quite common, and particularly in the intense heat of summer, numbers are swept off by this most dreadful of all diseases; but there is one evil both here and there not so often exhibited to our special view, which ought not to be forgotten; I mean the loss of moral power which any land suffers from the ruin caused by intemperance. In the Massachusett's Lunatic Asylum, of 168 persons admitted during the year 1838; forty-four had their origin in intemperance, and since the foundation of the institution, the number of males admitted amounts to 376, and the number of those whose disease was produced by intemperance was 111, nearly one-third of the whole. In the town of Dover (New Hampshire) the committee of the "Young Man's Temperance Society" have, from careful investigation, ascertained the following facts:—of 975 voters, whose names were on the check list, 108 were drunkards, and 204 moderate drinkers—of thirty-four tenants of the Alm's-house, during the year 1838, twenty-nine were reduced to pauperism by intemperance. Yet it is a remarkable fact that very few females in the United States are given to drink spiritual liquors. If you go into a tavern, you see no females—your feelings are not shocked with the disgusting sights which our "Gin palaces" afford, and I take this to be the great cause why temperance is making larger strides in America than in England. Woman there, exercises all her moral influence; here she too often sinks into the beast that perisheth—and, instead of a moral, exercises an immoral influence. How many a bright prospect has been blighted—how many, once in Affluence's lap, high fed, and who, in the common phrase of men "had seen better days," have been brought to feel the sharp pinchings of poverty through intemperance.

Let me illustrate this evil, this moral evil, by a single fact. Something like twenty years ago, in the University of Cambridge, Massachusetts, there studied a young man of rich and flowing genius, ready and eloquent in speech, of retentive and accurate memory, and with a mind well-stored with various learning.

He entered upon his profession as a lawyer with high hopes, and the most flattering prospects of success. The early exhibition of his professional skill, and his immediate advancement to posts of honour in the councils of the state, led the community in which he lived, to look to him as the probable candidate at some future day, for the chief magistracy of his native state. His companions, at this time, were of that class whose genius, scholarship, and wit, entitled them to become leaders in society; and here we leave this young man, thus gifted and thus prospered, and remembering what must be the hopes and the warm fancies, the high, the enthusiastic, the joyous dreams of such a youth—to pass from the morning to the evening of his life. Three years since I saw a white-haired, old man, pale, haggard, careworn, and yet somewhat venerable in his demeanour—ragged, and yet not in a common beggar's garb, walking the streets, exhibiting a miserable, obscene bird, to get for himself the means to buy his daily food.—I saw him hooted by the young, and I saw how the old passed him by on the other side. I heard him ask for a cast-off garment to protect his aged limbs from the cold. I knew after this, how he would sometimes steal a place where he might lay his feeble head at night-fall. It was that gifted youth, and this was the change that twenty years had wrought. In the early years of his profession he had been led to do a deed which brought down shame and disappointment upon him, and he sought to quench the fire of remorse in the intoxicating cup. From this hour his strength departed from him. His mind had become a ruin, and yet there were columns and broken arches stand-

* Extracted from "*Prince Albert and the House of Saxony*," published by Colburn.

ing yet, which told how noble a temple once stood there, and at times there would flash a shadow of the thought and imagery of his youth across the old man's soul, and as he caught a glimpse of his now blanched locks and withered form, and tattered garb, for a moment his heart sunk within him. But the vigour of his mind had been long decayed—its balance deranged—his moral perceptions destroyed—and he had become a weak, drivelling old man, contented to live as the beast liveth, and to die as the beast dieth.

And now he sleeps in an unhonoured, unnoticed grave. C. M.

THE ISLAND OF ST. JAGO.

[*For the Mirror.*]

We anchored off St. Jago sometime in December 1836, after a run from England of six weeks, or thereabout. There is incontestibly much rudeness and want of civilization nearer home than St. Iago, as the island is sometimes called;—but yet, impressions coming with the force they do from real life compared to written testimony, I could not have conceived that so near my native land, such absolute barbarism existed. Our anchor was scarcely dropped, before the good ship to which I had committed myself for a voyage of many thousand miles, was surrounded by a set of black fellows—some with more, others with less of the negro, in their countenance—in boats loaded with oranges, cocoa-nuts, and other fruit of the island, beside a very suspicious looking kind of cheese, in small pound-of-butter sizes. The deck was soon crowded, and an amusing and animated picture presented itself. The spirit of rag-fair and old-clothes commerce was soon in play, and our coloured friends were to be seen trying on jackets, vests, &c.—cast-off garments never intended to suit the candidates who appeared for their occupation. A broad-shouldered fellow was to be seen here, endeavouring to bring himself within the constraint of a tight Prussian-braided waistcoat; and there again, some bony fellow tried on a coat, which smothered him by its comparatively huge proportions. Hats were placed on the heads of those who scarcely had trousers, and a magnificent upper vestment contrasted with a nearly destitute lower, or the reverse. The noise of words meantime added to the scene; bad English on the one hand, and bad Portuguese on the other; mutual misunderstandings arising out of the defective knowledge of both parties in the "living language;" and, warm contests about the relative values of the oranges and nuts, and the worn-out breeches, and old coats,—all kept a perfect Babel. Having left the vessel literally to *stink* of oranges, we were oared on shore. We found the difficulty of landing great—a strong surf constantly interposing, and the ordinary place of getting ashore being surrounded with rocks in drowning water. There we found numbers of the natives collected, on whose coppery backs some of us were glad to throw ourselves to be carried over the rocks, these men being accustomed to such service, and never sustaining any danger frem it, for they all swim like fishes. Numbers of children and women also were collected;—the former in a state of undisguised nudity; the latter showing more of their persons, *quam necesse est probæ*. Having ascended the hill, which introduces the stranger to the magnificent town of Porto Præo, we were put in possession of all the glories of the place. The market-place—a square in the middle of the town—first engaged our attention. Here was a complete picture of indolence, listlessness, poverty, dirt, ignorance, superstition, and of the vices which flow from this combination. The dealers in fish, fruit, poultry, cheese, &c. &c., sat on the ground having their produce in baskets—a scorching sun was above them, and here they literally slept with their eyes open, the live-long day. I hired a mule, on which I rode up and down, reconnoitring. A personage arrested my attention in the market-place, who, from his costume,—his air,—the deference he met with from the petty dealers from whom he was making small purchases—an old umbrella held over his head for a parasol—struck me he must be some superior in the place—probably, the priest. I was not mistaken. I accosted him in French; but French he did not speak; English was out of the question. I hammered out some of my school Latinity, in the interchange of which I learned where he had studied, exchanged compliments—and puzzled both myself and him. As I bowed and turned my head from the priest of St. Jago to the rude edifice from forth which his ministrations were given to the poor objects around me, a mixture of pity and melancholy, tainted by the superstition which we sometimes feel in spite of our convictions of truth and of error, pervaded my mind and feelings. I thought of an evening spent in the company of the grey-headed minister of superstition, I had just been speaking with;—his reminiscences in the barbarous scenes of his labours; his sympathies; his ideas; his every-day life in the workings of the mind within, and in the energies put into action abroad. I endeavoured to enter into the feelings of his audience as he imparted the grain of truth imbedded in a mountain of superstition, folly, and ignorance; such as we find the chameleon church of which he was a missionary; to sanction, approve, practise:—sagacious and subtle here, stupid and superstitious to literal idolatry there; now cunning as a serpent; again, wild as a tiger, but allayed by the passive subjection of gross ignorance; susceptible everywhere of accommodating itself to circumstances, like that One whose emissaries we are told can clothe themselves in darkness or in light. I rode round some feeble erections,

on which, presented in the direction of the sea, were ranged several guns. Here I was arrested by a wildly costumed figure, whose "many colours," and musket carried carelessly on his shoulder, instructed me to consider him, what his dirty face, and slovenly demeanour at first forbade,—namely, a soldier. His object was to extort money from me, in which, however, I disappointed him by galloping off. The houses in Porto Præo are rude,—stone-built; the doors mostly left open, presented in many of them scenes not the most delicate, and I was not very strongly impressed with the virtue of the fair, or the courage of the other sex. Honesty was out of the question. There were some shops in which a pretty good assortment of English goods received from Lisbon, were to be had. We sailed the next day without any sorrow. I would not live in St. Jago for ten thousand pounds a-year. A scorching sun, a barbarous community, a superstitious worship, the assassin's knife,—nastiness, raggedness, misery,—strong passions easily excited, and never appeased or quelled, do not easily charm me; and I would wonder at the infatuation of the man who exchanged bread and cheese in Old England, for monied affluence abroad, in such circumstances. Happily, nature has not presented the alternative in St. Jago, having given the island a barren and unpropitious soil, and not placed it in a quarter from which any more can be desired from it, for those abroad, than is now obtained; viz: water for the supply of vessels.—*MS. Journal of F. M. Innes, Esq.*

FEMALE BRAVERY AT ZARAGOZA.

At the siege of Zaragoza an eye-witness says, "The houses in the environs were destroyed, gardens and olive grounds that in better times had been the recreation and support of their owners, were cheerfully rooted up by the proprietors themselves, wherever they impeded the defence of the city, or covered the approach of the enemy. Women of all ranks assisted: they formed themselves into companies, some to relieve the wounded, some to carry water, wine, and provisions to those who defended the gates.

The Countess Burita instituted a corps for this service: she was young, delicate, and beautiful. In the midst of the most tremendous fire of shot and shells, she was seen coolly attending to these occupations, which were now become her duty, nor throughout the whole of a two months siege, did the imminent danger to which she incessantly exposed herself produce the slightest apparent effect upon her, or in the slightest degree retard her from her heroic purpose. Some of the monks bore arms, others exercised their spiritual offices to the dying, others with the *nuns* were engaged in making cartridges, which the children carried and distributed to the men."

New Books.

Mary Stuart. A Tragedy. By James Haynes.

(*Continued from page* 94.)

[Books are not now-a-days, as they were of old, the stern fruit of solemn and protracted thought; but are rather, "letters to all to whom it may concern," and those letters, sooth to say, are too often of most trashy and unreadable tendency. In this age, therefore, of flimsy, and, in many cases, villainous literature, it is no small treat to the intelligent among mankind, to meet with something like a revival of the good old school. And the reader will therefore have rejoiced in the extracts which we recently gave from the above drama, which is well imbued with the olden purity of style, and the olden soundness of sentiment. In the dusty wilderness of literature, at present, it truly appears as a green Oasis, pre-excellent for pleasantness and beauty. For this reason are we again drawn to it.]

Dispatch of Ancient Manners.

I hate half measures,—
I hate to see a spider spin his entrails
To catch a fly. There was a time when men
Looked to their own good swords to rid them of
Their enemies:—It worked well, and saved trouble—
But now, simplicity is out of fashion,
And crookedness the rage.

Ancestral Halls at Midnight.

How awful is this midnight sleep and silence!
The lamps burn dimly in the corridor;
The wind sighs mournful through the empty rooms
Of state, like wisdom whispering vanity,
And all the flaunting plumes that waved aloft,
Like sea-foam on the billows of the main,
Are, with the wearers, vanished.

A Proud and Troubled Spirit.

Though he puts
A stern face on his grief, it may be seen through.
To-day he bit his lips, not knowing what
He did, till blood ran from them, and at times
You'll hear a smother'd groan, stopping half-way,
As if it met some thought of pride, that strove
In vain to choke it.

Dirge for the Dead.

"When the dead sleep
'Tis weakness to weep;
Their sorrows are past,
And the hope that will last,
Is that which looks over the earth's narrow sphere,
For the summer is there, but the winter is here."
"When the dead rise
From earth to the skies,
Subdued is the night
By the angel of light,
And banished for ever's mortality's tear,
For the summer is there, but the winter is here."

A Divine Musician.

Oh, had you heard him too!
You would have said, he was of Orpheus sprung,
Or taught his art by syrens, or had traced
The mermaid's plaint at sea, and caught it on
His harp from the wild wave—or, bolder still,
Had mounted to the spheric harmonies,
And, where the rolling planets hymn to Heaven,
Touched the wrapt choir.

A Speaker fitted to quell popular sedition.

But tell me how did Ruthven speak?—You heard him.
* * * * * * *
Like one inspired. The spirit of rebuke
Swept thunder from his lips; nay, triumphed o'er

The rheums, that bent his frame;—as if to show
What mind can do with matter, and the fire
Of genius with the shell in which it burns.

The Benefiters of the Human Race.

Men who live for ever! Men, whose names
Are, like their souls, immortal!—men who stand
Upon the mountain top of the whole world,
The very Idu of the intellect!

Death only the complete Annihilator of Mind.

Death—Death alone,
And the dark wrapper of eternal night,
Can lay his evil spirit low enough.

* * * * * * *

What is't we seek to rid us of? A pair
Of hands, and other limbs, endued with motion?
If so, let them be tied. But no—'tis mind,—
The subtile power, that, with invisible organs
Acting upon the strange events of time,
Makes all things possible:—to conquer that,
We must extinguish it.

An Evening ominous of dreadful things.

See, the shades
Of evening 'gin to draw their misty hoods
Around them, and the mountains frown like fate;
'Twill be an awful night, a busy night,
A bloody night—but Scotland will be free.

[In the fifth act, the events which have hitherto been slowly progressing, now rush forward in hurried masses to the consummation of the grand catastrophe; and the closing scene is super-eminently fine. The Queen and Rizzio are whiling away the time in amorous dalliance, when suddenly a noise—a crash is heard, and amid the trepidation and alarm of the moment, the tapestry which covers a secret door is raised, and Ruthven—a tall, gaunt figure, in panoply of steel—appears at the head of the conspirators. Then exclaims shriekingly the Queen, rushing down the room with Rizzio and Argyle,—]

Ah!
Pale warrior, com'st thou from the realm unknown,
A semblance only of the man thou wast;
But art no longer? or is't life we see,
So like to death that we are horrified?
Speak to me;—wilt not speak?—then, Darnley, tell me
What are these men; why are they here in arms?
Are these companions for a lady's chamber,
Or suit they with a Queen's?

[Answer thereto is quickly made, in cold severity, by resolute Ruthven. He calls in a sepulchral tone for Rizzio to "come forth,"—the minstrel clings to Queen Mary's robe—and Ruthven cries out sepulchrally again,—]

Rizzio, come forth! Let go the Queen's robe, caitiff.
Thus, then, with the last effort of a hand
That once might pluck the giant from his bed,
Or heap, like Jove, th' eternal mountains on him,
I drag thee to thy fate.

[*As he rushes towards* RIZZIO, *the* QUEEN *interposes.*

Queen. Hold off! hold off
Thy hand from the thrice blessed life of man!
Strike not the great Creator in his image!

Ruthven. There's a freezing horror in your words—
But justice must be done—away with him!

[*Flings* RIZZIO *amongst the Conspirators, who drag him off the stage*—RUTHVEN *following*

[The doom of the condemned Rizzio is finished in outer darkness—and then that pale phantom, steel-clad Ruthven, totters again into the apartment, and sinks on a couch, crying out for wine,—]

Queen. Out, blood-stained monster!
Nor dare to ask for aught. Fetch him a cup
Of *fire*, that he may drink as demons drink.
For he is one. [*The Queen faints.*

Ruthven. I feel as if I lack'd
The strength to die. Will no one help me to't?

Melville Here's wine. [*Gives him a cup.*

Ruthven. Thanks! thanks! there's vigour in the draught.
Where am I!—Wine!—more wine!—How dark it is!
Midnight is not so dark. The stars have dropped
Into the Nadyr, and the Zenyth thunders
Like an uplifted hell-storm o'er my head.
Hush! there's a voice upon the wind.—Who spoke?
Who said the heavens are wrathful at the deed?
Who dared to breathe that Ruthven is a murderer?
For Scotland—'Twas for Scotland—for our country.
Attest it, powers above, we struck for right—
For right.—'Tis doomsday with mankind,—
The pillars of the sky are tumbling—
And all created nature feels the shock
Of the main works above. Rage on, rage on—
Ye dreadful sweepings of the thunder store;
Scatter me, bones and all, to the wind's fury.
Still I repeat, it was a rightful blow.
'Twas for our Country! 'Twas—'twas for our Country!
[*Dies.*

Extracts from Holy Writ, and various Authors, intended as a Help to Meditation and Prayer. By Capt. Sir Nesbit J. Willoughby, R.N., C.B., K.C.H.

THIS is truly a free-will offering at the altar of love, produced by an innate and enviable desire of alleviating the miseries, and assuaging the stricken consciences of man, by laying before him the inspired and heavenly words of holy writ, and of the most virtuous and spiritual writers—those glorious lights, which show the wavering or wicked sinner the road to Heaven. These "Extracts" are printed for gratuitous distribution, at the cost of the benignant compiler; who, as he was in his early days a brave sailor in the British fleet, has, in the decline of life, proved himself a faithful soldier of Christ. The work is intended principally for the inmates of Greenwich and Chelsea Hospitals, as "Helps to Meditation and Prayer;" yet we hope ere long to witness an edition, not printed so expensively, but so that it may be vended at a *very cheap rate* for "the million."

Capt. Sir N. Willoughby's work has our most sincere and hearty good wishes.

The Triumph of Drake. A Poem, by B. G. Bigsby, D.C.L.&c. [Hamilton & Co.]

THIS song of praise to the famed circumnavigator Drake, is from the pen of a person embued with a love and knowledge of the worth of that eminent sailor; and is worthy of commendation. Dr. Bigsby is the gentleman who presented his late Majesty William IV. with the celebrated astrolabe which was used by Drake in his voyage round the globe, and which was given to his uncle by Philip, fifth Earl of Chesterfield. This highly interesting relic forms now one of the curiosities of Greenwich Hospital, to which establishment, our late, good-hearted sovereign made it a present. At the end of the poem are many highly-interesting elucidatory notes.

The Gatherer.

House of Commons.—The first parliament wherein two knights for each county, and two burgesses for each borough were summoned, was called together May 14, 1264. In 1413, members were obliged to reside in the place they represented. Francis Russell, son of the Earl of Bedford, was the first peer's eldest son, who sat in the House of Commons, 1550. The House of Commons committed a Secretary of State to the Tower, November 18, 1678; their Speaker was refused by the king 1679; the Lord Mayor and an alderman of London committed to the Tower by the House of Commons, 1771. "Edward I., out of his wisdom, somened always those of auncyent families to his parliament that were most wise; but *he omitted theyre sonnes after theyre death, if they were not answerable to their parents in understanding.*"

Solitude.—There is not only much to be done alone, but gained alone and enjoyed alone. There we gain much of our best knowledge, and our richest experience. There we enjoy the freedom of prayer, and the most unreserved intercourse with GOD.—*Jay.*

Sylvan Symplicity.—Passienus Crispus fell in love with a prodigious beech! of a wonderful age and stature; and this he used constantly to sleep under.

Hopes of the Agricolist.—Is it not Hope, my boy, that commits the seed to the earth, that rejoices in the sun and shower, and watches over the growing harvest! that sees the braird in the seed—the sheaf in the braird—and in the sheaf the quartern loaf, surrounded in his sovereignty by his tributary rolls!

Intellectuality of the Human Countenance.—When the common observation is made that any one *wants expression*, it is merely this, that the person's muscles are undeveloped from want of *mental exertion.* This is the reason that we perceive in the peasant a round, red, smooth, and markless face. From the opposite cause to this, are the effects pourtrayed in the lowered brow, and lined countenance of the intellectual and reflecting being, whose life is not passed for the indulgence of animal desires, whose sole aim is not to eat, to drink and sleep, but to mount with the wings of knowledge above the grossness of his nature, and thank the author of his being with his heart and mind.

Magnificent little Folks.—We love little folks. They are the *future.* Some of them are what the immortal bard calls the "*great hereafters!*"—*American Paper.*

Parental Kindness.—Please your children on proper occasions, and they will please you in after-life. Do not put rods and other emblems of reproof in the stockings of your dear little children, while they lie dreaming of tokens of kindlier feelings from their patron saints—their parents.

Vanity of the New Yorkers.—We know of no more graceful sight than a lady on horseback, and we have seriously meditated a trip to London merely to see Victoria manage her steed. She is said to be the best horsewoman in the world;—but those who have said so have never seen our Broadway belles on horseback! —*New York Mirror.*

The Mogul Women.—They are very fair, with expressive countenances, and large and lovely eyes, but their beauty is much disfigured by the custom which prevails amongst them of covering the lower eyelid with gold leaf, which gives them a ghastly appearance.

Rough and Riotous Courtship.—William the Conqueror, having long unsuccessfully wooed Matilda of Flanders, took upon himself the following novel method of evincing the ardency of his passion, and which appears to have turned out efficacious:—"After seven years delay, William's love became desperate; and if we may trust the evidence of the chronicle of Inger, he, in the year 1047, waylaid Matilda in the streets of Bruges as she was returning from mass, seized her, rolled her in the dirt, spoiled her rich array, and, not content with these outrages, struck her repeatedly, and rode off at full speed. This Teutonic method of courtship, according to our author, brought the affair to a crisis; for Matilda, either convinced of the strength of William's passion by the violence of his behaviour, or afraid of encountering a second beating, consented to become his wife."—*Lives of the Queens of England by Agnes Strickland.*

"*The Stars shall be Darkened!*"—In the interval from November 26, to the present date, (January 8,) *Orion* has sustained a loss of nearly half its light. It may easily be supposed that a diminution, thus evidently still in rapid progress, will, in no long time, carry down the rank of this star below that of *Aldebaran*, and the confirmation or disappointment of this expectation is awaited with no small interest.—*Athenæum.*

Excavations near Rome.—In digging lately at Cevetri, midway between Rome and Civita Vecchia, a sudden fall of earth exposed to view ten statues, one of the colossal height of thirty feet, all in Greek marble, and said to be of remarkable beauty.

The vacancies in the Royal Academy by the deaths of Sir William Beechey, Mr. Rossi, and Mr. Wilkins, have been filled up by the election of Messrs. Maclise, Witherington, and Hart.

Advice, like snow, the softer it falls, the deeper it sinks.—*Coleridge.*

**** A Supplementary Number of THE MIRROR may now be had, containing a detailed account of the ROYAL MARRIAGE; with a folding View of the Splendid Ceremony, and a faithful representation of the BRIDAL CAKE.*

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